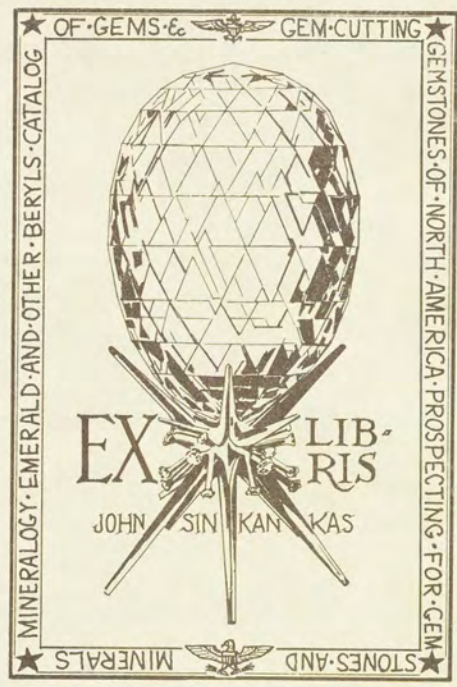


GEMS  
OF  
BEAUTY



Sold by  
**H. SCOTT.**  
11, English Street,  
CARLISLE.

cat.  
24/93  
12/96









Paris

DA 4











# GEMS OF BEAUTY.



LONDON PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETOR.  
BY LONGMAN, REES, ORME, BROWN, GREEN & LONGMAN, PATERNOSTER ROW.  
APPLETON & CO NEW YORK, AND DELLOY & CO PARIS.  
1886.

*Printed by J. G. Smith.*







# GEMS OF BEAUTY

DISPLAYED IN A SERIES OF

TWELVE HIGHLY FINISHED ENGRAVINGS

FROM

DESIGNS

BY E. T. PARRIS, ESQ.

WITH

*Fanciful Illustrations,*

IN VERSE,

BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

---

“ HERE, ALL GAZERS TO SURPRISE,  
JEWELS OF THE RAREST SHINE;  
HERE BE STARRY DIAMOND EYES,  
RUBY LIPS OF LUSTRE FINE:  
NONE SO STERN ARE—NONE SO WISE,  
WITH HARSH NATURE TO DESPISE,  
EARTH! THESE GLOWING GEMS OF THINE!”

---

LONDON:

LONGMAN, REES, ORME, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMAN.

M.DCCC.XXXVI.

1836



LONDON :  
PRINTED BY JAMES MOYES, CASTLE STREET,  
LEICESTER SQUARE.













E. T. PATTER.

J. THOMSON.

*The Descent*







## THE DIAMOND.

---

LADY—regal state is thine,  
Diamonds in thy tresses shine ;  
In their starry light I see,  
Youthful Princess ! type of thee.  
They from some dark mine were drawn,  
On a noble brow to dawn ;  
Kings were proud their worth to own ;  
*Thine*, too, Lady, claims a throne !

Men, to judge a Diamond's hue,  
In the shade its lustre view ;\*  
Those, too, who thy gifts would guess,  
Seeking thee in loneliness,  
Like these gems thy heart would see  
All from flaw or blemish free ;  
And (having proved thy worth) must tell  
That a crown befits thee well !

\* Connoisseurs assert, that the best mode of judging of the water of a Diamond is to examine it under the foliage of a thickly leafed tree.

















*The Ruby.*







## THE RUBY.

---

'Twas here he fell—O! I would pray to rest  
In his low bed, wer't not that at my breast  
Clings one to chain me to a life I hate,  
Since he has left me lone, and desolate.  
“Hence, thou false gem!\* they told me thou couldst save  
Thy wearer's heart from grief—Lo! by the grave  
Of him who gave thee, I must weep, and know  
Of fate the darkest and most cureless wo.”

“I see him now—O Heaven! he smiles no more!  
The still, cold face,—the wound that streams with gore,  
The creeping film that clouds his once bright eye—  
And I live on!—O let me—let me die!”  
“Nay, dear one, think, that to thy God was given  
The Cross, to fit him for his throne in Heaven:  
Look on it—here—and may'st thou ever prove  
Worthy of *Him* who died to shew his love!”

\* It is reported of *the Ruby*, by BACCIUS, BOETIUS, and others, that it keepeth the wearer from sorrow and danger.























## THE EMERALD.

---

DAUGHTER of Erin! weep, O! weep no more,  
For sunny days shall bless thy sea-girt isle;  
The gem,\* whose tint is verdant as thy shore,  
Prophetic tells, that peace on it will smile.

Too long has discord waved her demon wand,  
And every calm and holy thought subdued:  
Kind Angels, look upon so fair a land,  
Nor let it longer be with blood imbrued.

Grant that she yet may win the meed of praise  
For wisdom,—that for valour she hath won,—  
And ceasing from the strife of darker days,  
Give to renown full many a patriot son.

\* CARDANUS attributes to the Emerald great power in divination, as may be seen in his seventh book, — “*De Lapidibus Pretiosis*.”

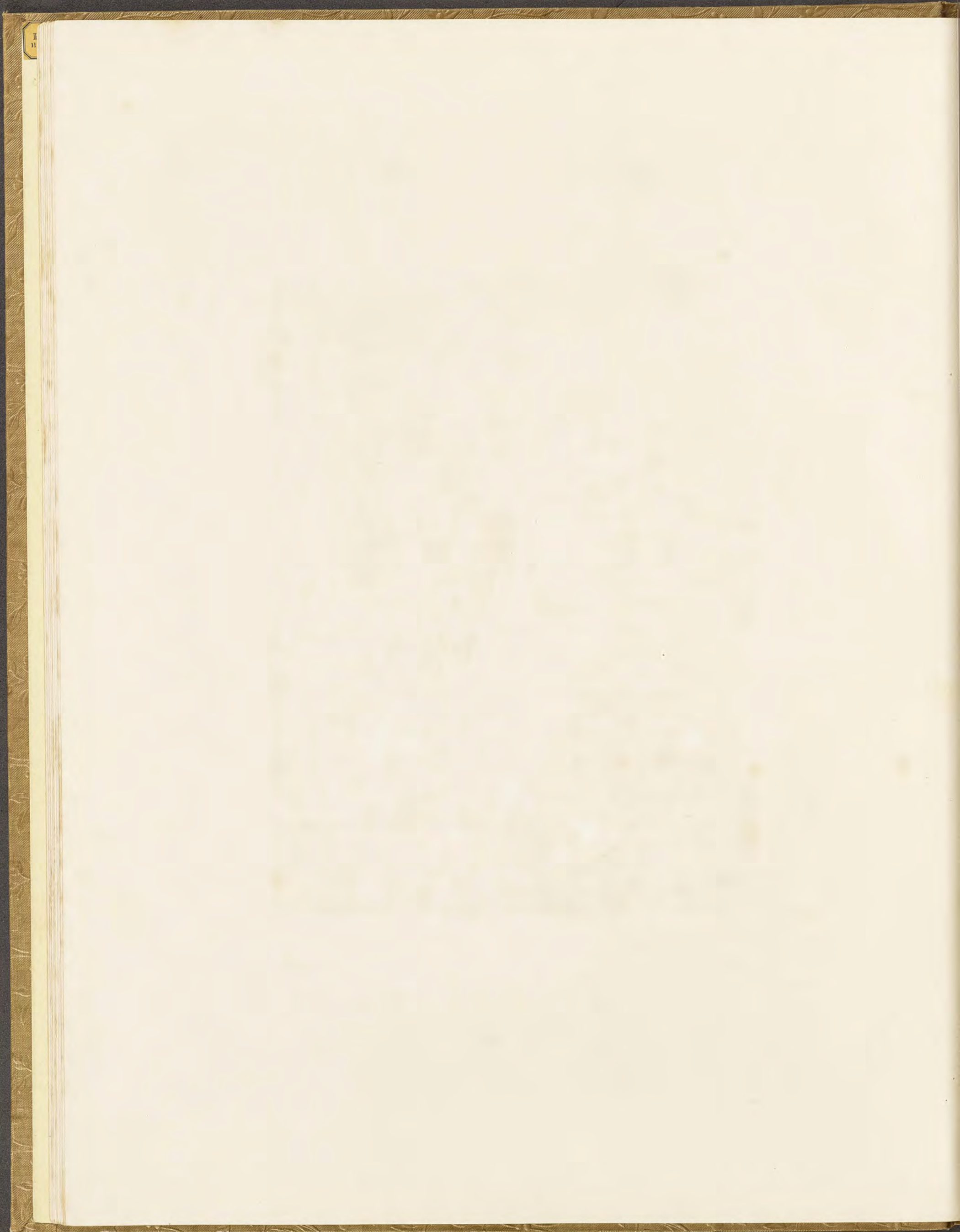
















*The Sapphires*

END OF BRIDGE, 38-4







## THE SAPPHIRE.

---

TAKE back! take back these glittering gems!

I see them but to grieve;

O dearer far the woodland flowers

*He* gave me yester eve!

Those Sapphires have a sparkling light

Like summer's heaven, 'tis true;

But fairer gifts shall deck my brow,

Sweet violets gemmed with dew.

They tell us that this azure stone\*

O'er great ones' hearts hath power;

Yet take them back, and let me keep

*His* gift, — the simple flower.

Nor tell me of his castles proud;

For, O! far more I prize

The lowly cot I hope to share,

That in yon valley lies.

\* ANSELMUS BOETIUS saith that the Sapphire procureth the wearer favour with Princes. — *History of Precious Stones.* THOMAS NICOLS, 1652.

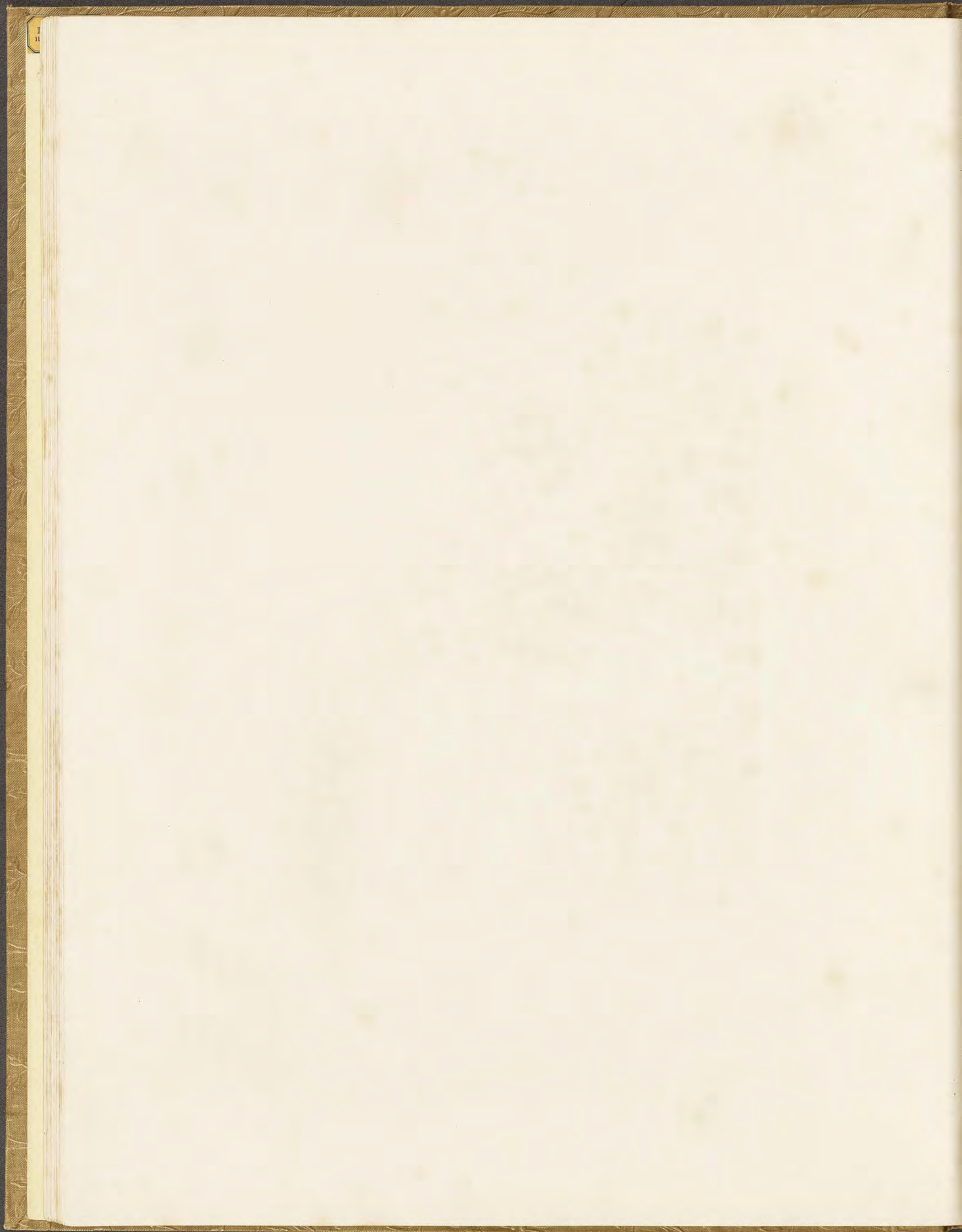
















J. T. PATRICK

W. B. MOTT

# The Opal

THE OPAL







## THE OPAL.

---

MOTHER. THY cheek, mine own ! of late a living rose,  
That could the Bulbul cheat by its rich hue,  
To fancy it his own most odorous flower,  
Looks pale — Even so that garden empress droops  
When the sun glares too fiercely on her breast.  
Come, let me place a charm upon thy brow,  
And may good spirits grant, that never care  
Approach, to trace a single furrow there !

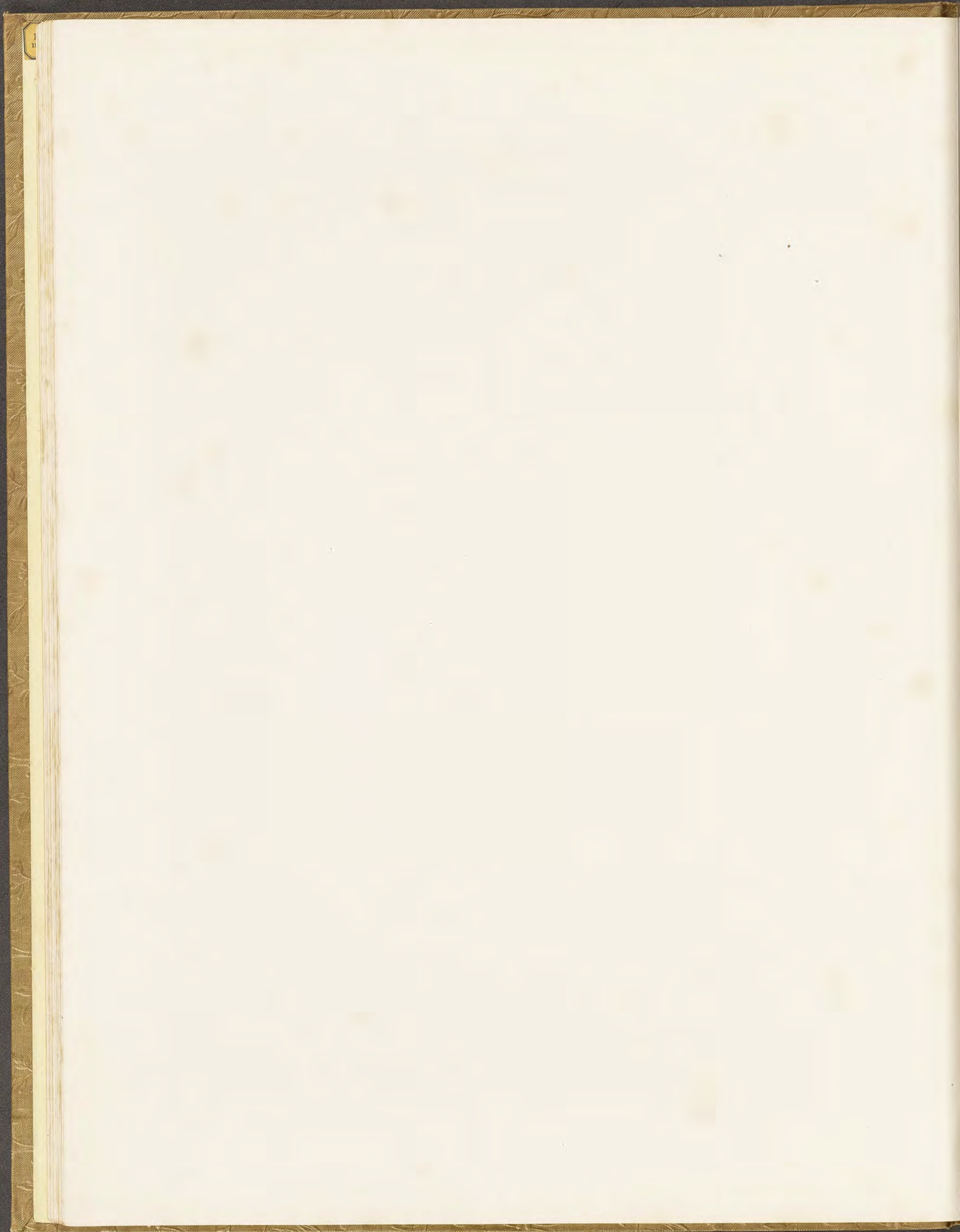
DAUGHTER. Thy love, my mother, better far than charm,  
Shall shield thy child — and yet this wondrous gem\*  
Looks as though some strange influence it had won  
From the bright skies — for every rainbow hue  
Shoots quivering through its depths in changeful gleams,  
Like the mild lightnings of a summer eve.

MOTHER. Even so doth love pervade a mother's heart ;  
Thus, ever active, looks through her fond eyes ;  
And should it change, (believe not it *can* die),  
It is but to some other tint of Heaven,  
As thou wilt know when thou a mother art.

DAUGHTER. I know it now, — for am I not thy child ?

\* The Opal is said to preserve its wearer from disease ; and hence, in the East, is much used in the form of Amulets.

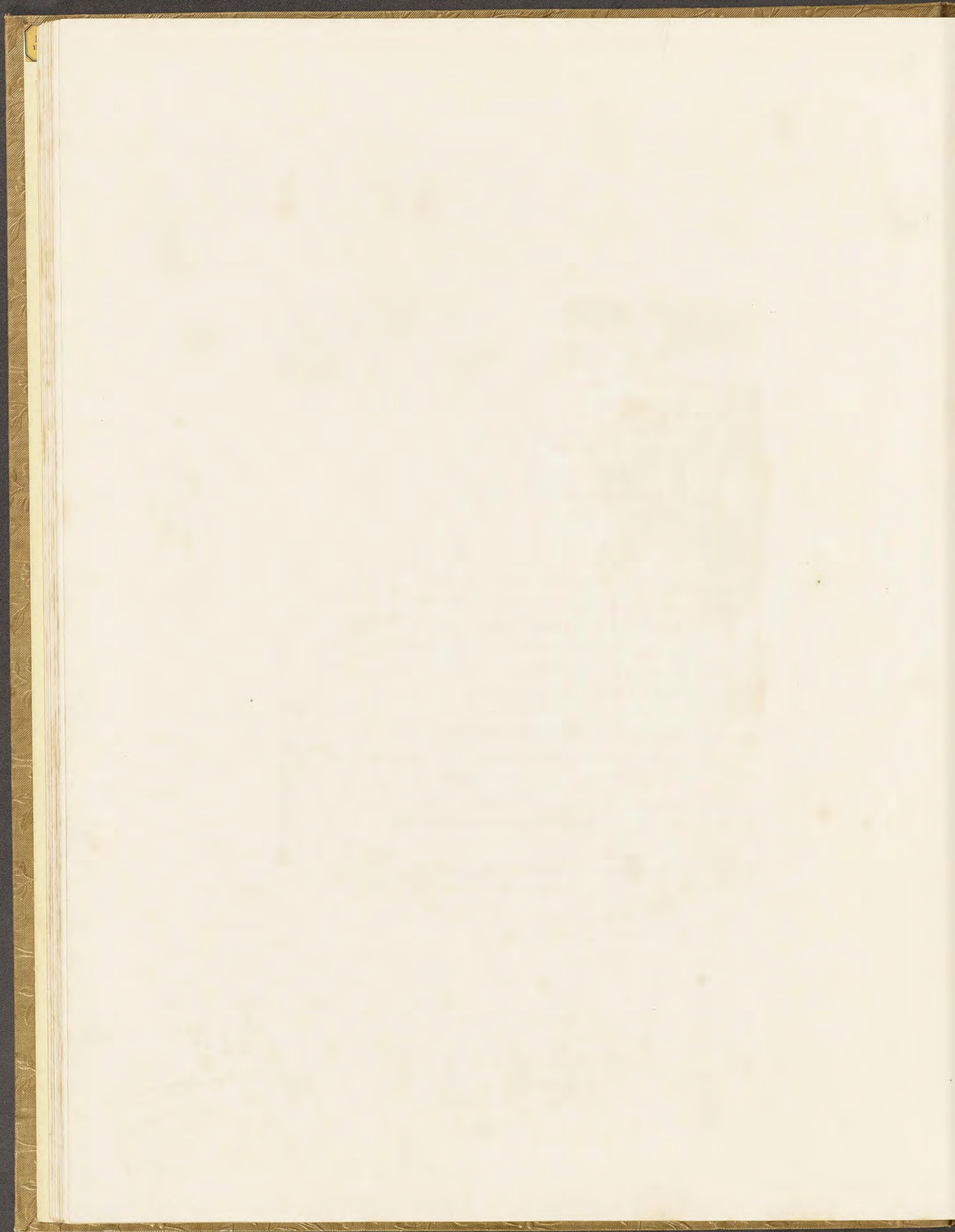










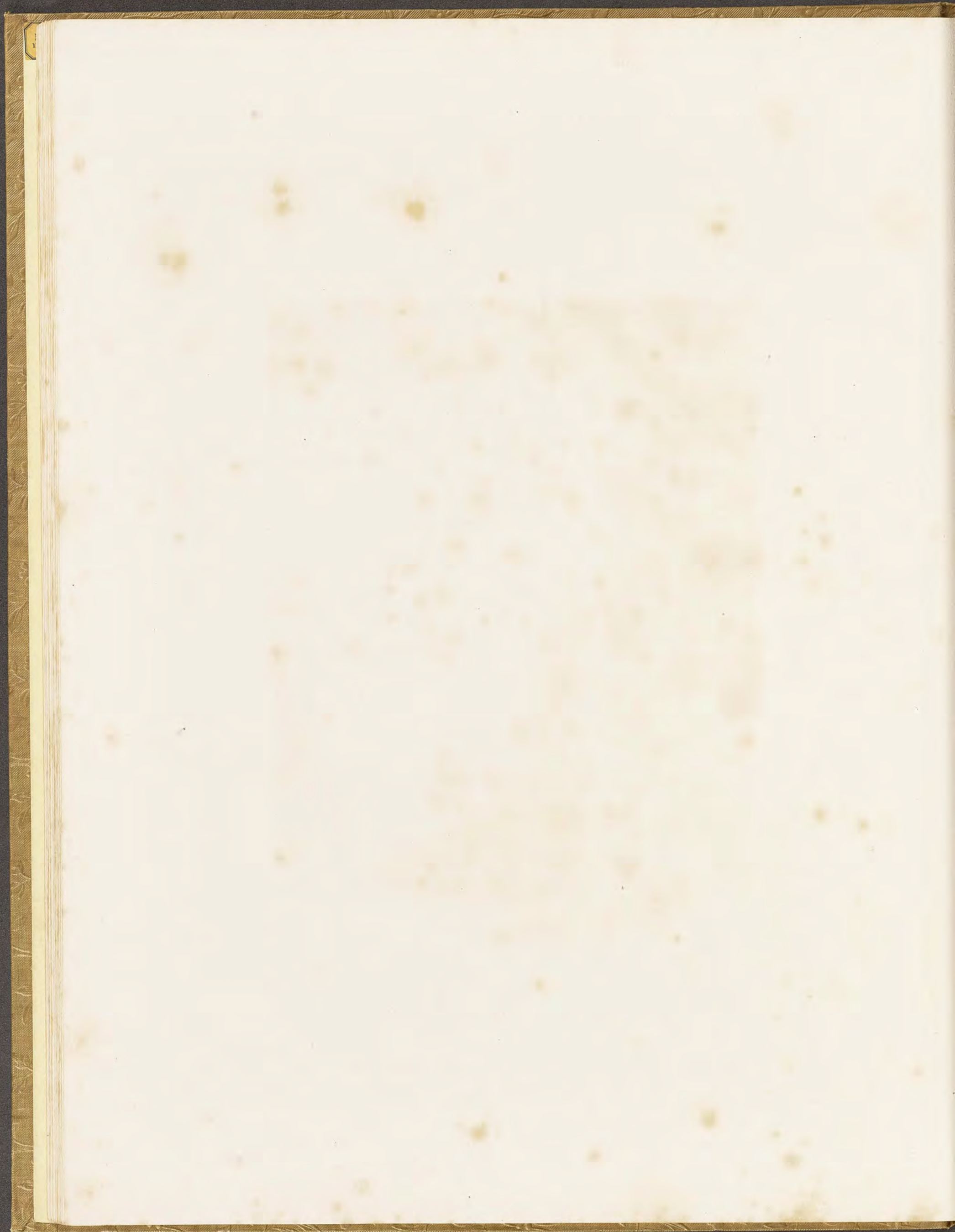






*The Pearl*







## THE PEARL.

---

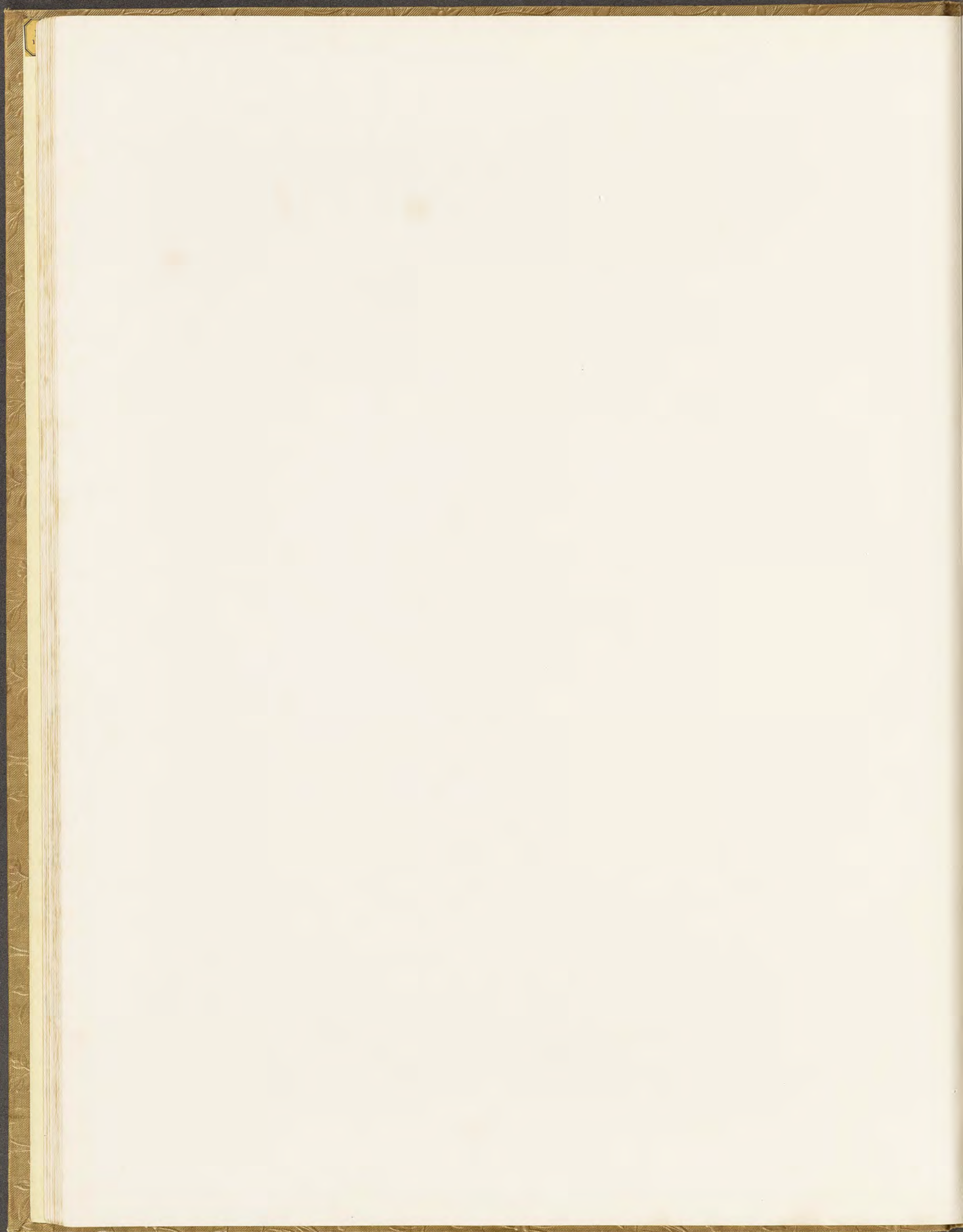
BEHOLD ! half willing, half afraid  
Her bath to enter, — clasping still  
Her brodered robe, the Indian maid  
Awaits her dusky handmaid's skill.

And now, her ear, as rose leaf small,  
The clustered Orient pearls must leave ;  
While down her heavy tresses fall,  
Like mists that shroud the star of eve.

O, never pale and spotless pearl,\*  
When first from ocean's depths conveyed,  
Was yet so pure as this fair girl,  
Shrinking, half willing, half afraid.

\* Pearls were considered by the Ancients to be not only emblematic of purity, but preservative of it.

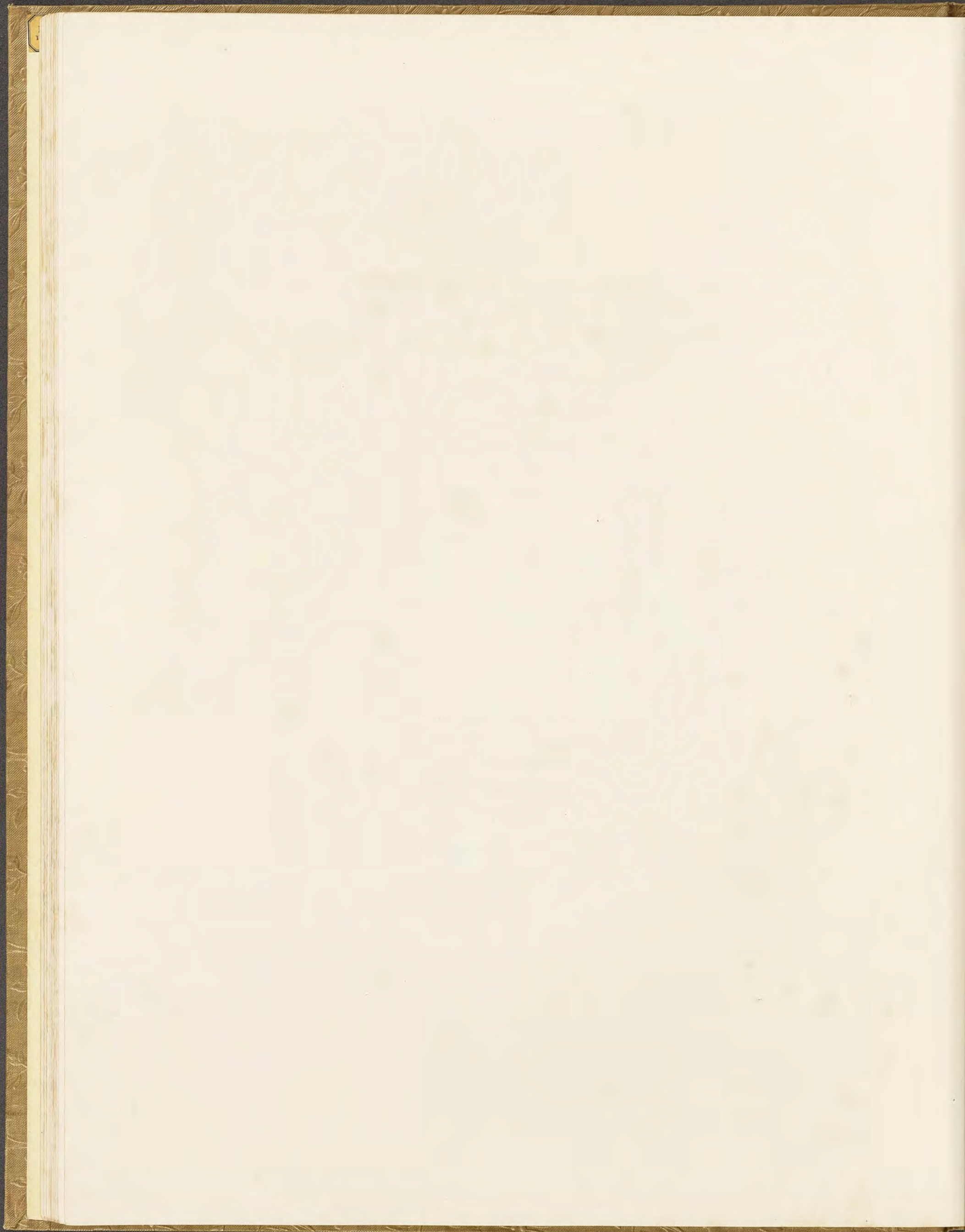
















By W. P. 1735.

By THOMSON.







## THE TURQUOISE.

---

MYRA. WHY droop'st thou, fair Sultana ?  
A cloud is on thy brow,  
As on that chain of azure  
Thine eye reposes now :  
I've told thee all the legends  
That once could make thee gay ;  
I've sung thee all my summer songs :  
Why droop'st thou, lady, say ?

SULTANA. Alas ! this chain of azure  
Did from mine own land come ;  
And thy sweet songs, too, waken  
A mournful thought of home,  
Until, as in my slumber,  
That dear lost home, I see,  
And hear my mother's blessed voice  
Breathe like a charm o'er me.

They say the Turquoise\* changes  
As oft its wearer pines ;  
But, see, my gentle Myra,  
How bright this chaplet shines ;  
Whilst I, oppressed with sorrow,  
Wear drearily the chain.  
O night ! come back with blissful dreams !  
And take me home again !

\* RUCUS, in his History of Precious Stones, asserts, that the Turquoise becomes pale and discoloured, when the wearer is infirm, or afflicted.

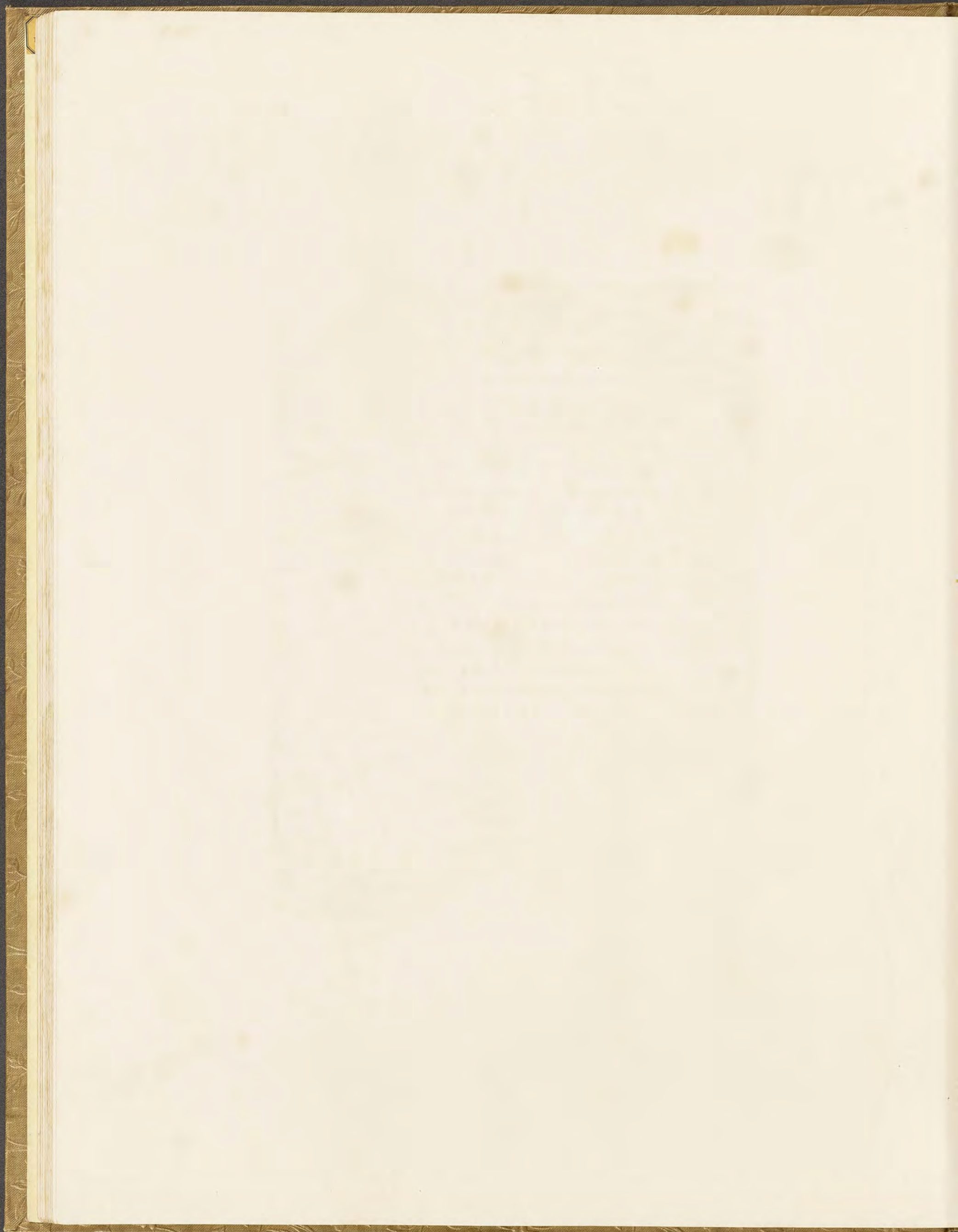
















*The Topsy*







## THE TOPAZ.

---

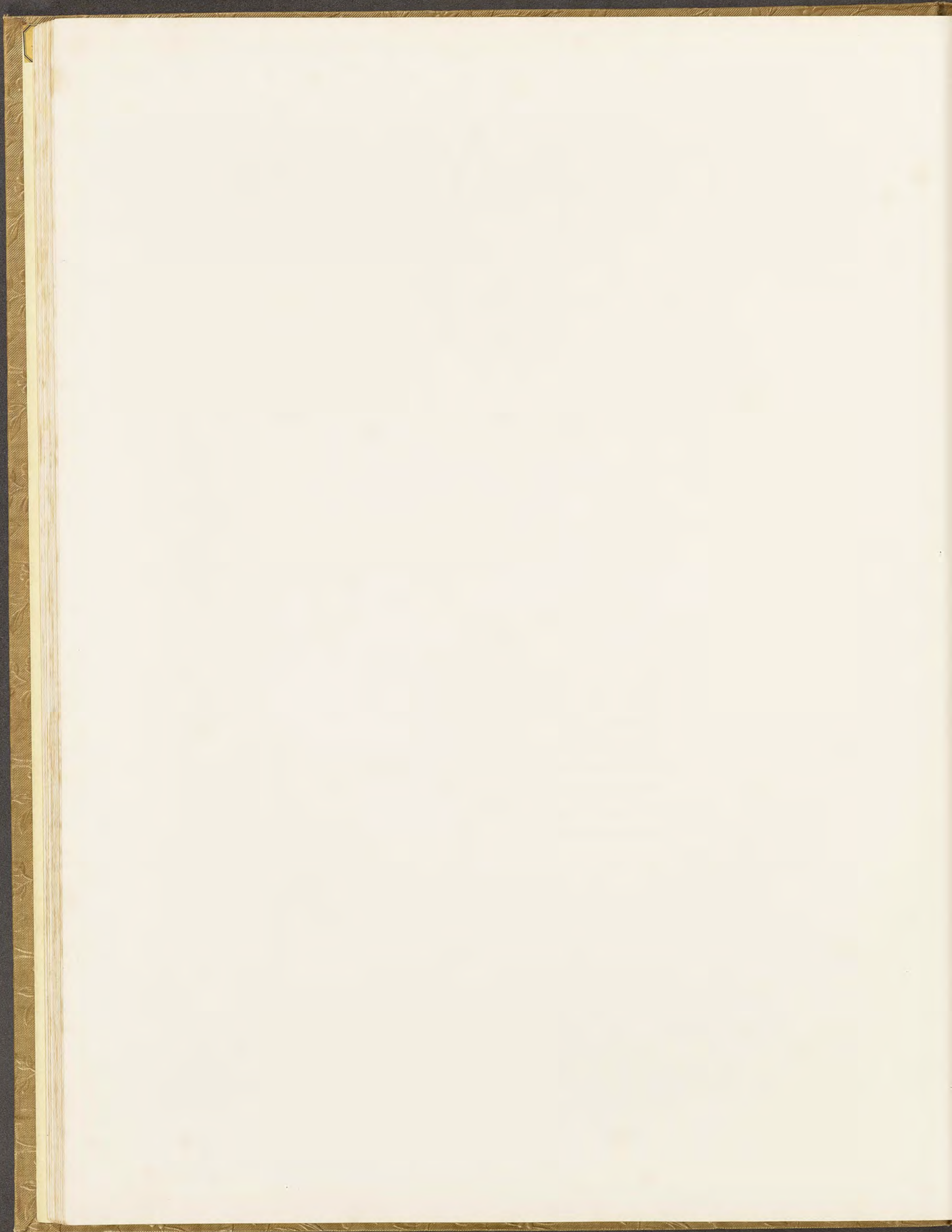
“ My master, lady, sends me here ;”  
“ Hush, boy ! I hear a footstep near.” —  
“ She comes not yet, for age is slow ;  
Was ever lady guarded so ?”

“ Then wear this jewel\* for his sake ;  
From thee all sadness it will take :  
And, let me say, the ring hath spanned  
The finger of the fairest hand  
In Andalusia’s sunny land.”

“ I ought not — yet — I’ll wear the ring,  
And he may ’neath my lattice sing,  
Soon as the first pale star he sees  
Rise o’er yon grove of orange trees ;  
For then my sour Duenna — (Fly !  
I hear her tottering footstep nigh ! ) —  
Will sleep at least an hour, I know.  
Ah ! was I won too soon ? — go, go !  
Was ever maiden guarded so ?”

\* CARDANUS relates wonders concerning the virtues of this stone in the cure of melancholy.

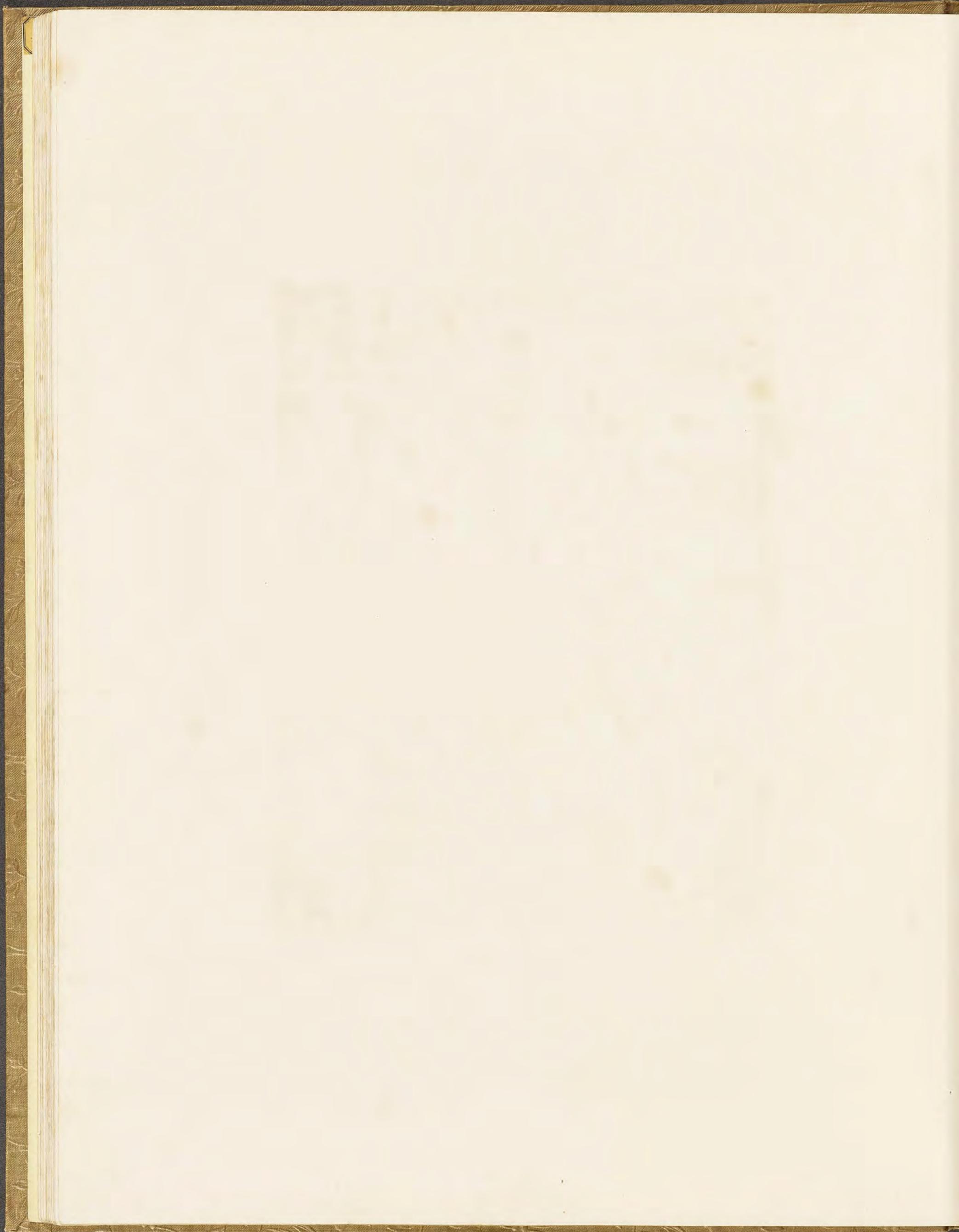
















W. H. MOTT

W. H. MOTT

*The Amulet*







## THE AMETHYST.

---

His parting gift ! What yearning thought  
To memory by its clasp is brought,  
Of him who on the stormy sea,  
Alas, is wandering far from me !

And he, too, does he fondly dwell  
On the heart-sickness of farewell ?  
Like me, too, courts he vainly sleep ?  
'Tis but *the left*, who wake and weep.

'Tis said the Amethyst\* can chase  
Sleep, when the wretched 'twould embrace :  
But, no ! 'tis love, that in this breast  
His vigil keeps, nor lets me rest.

Sail on ! and may thy dreams ne'er shew  
Thy lonely maiden's ceaseless wo ;  
'Tis sweet for thee to pray and pine,  
So I may bear thy grief with mine !

\* ANDREAS BACCIUS, in his work entitled *De Natura Gemmarum*, says  
that it diminisheth sleep.

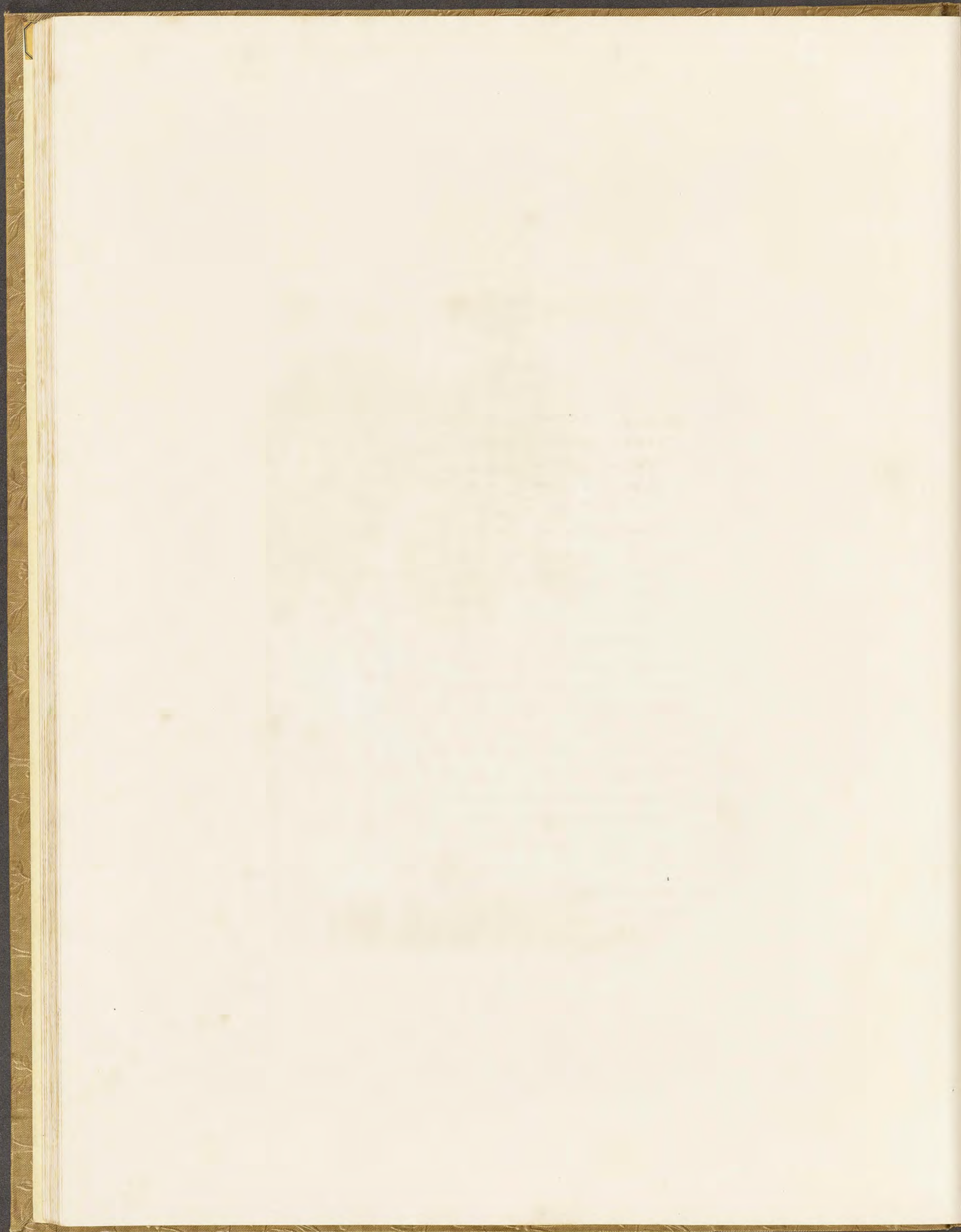
















*The Librarian*







## THE SARDONYX.

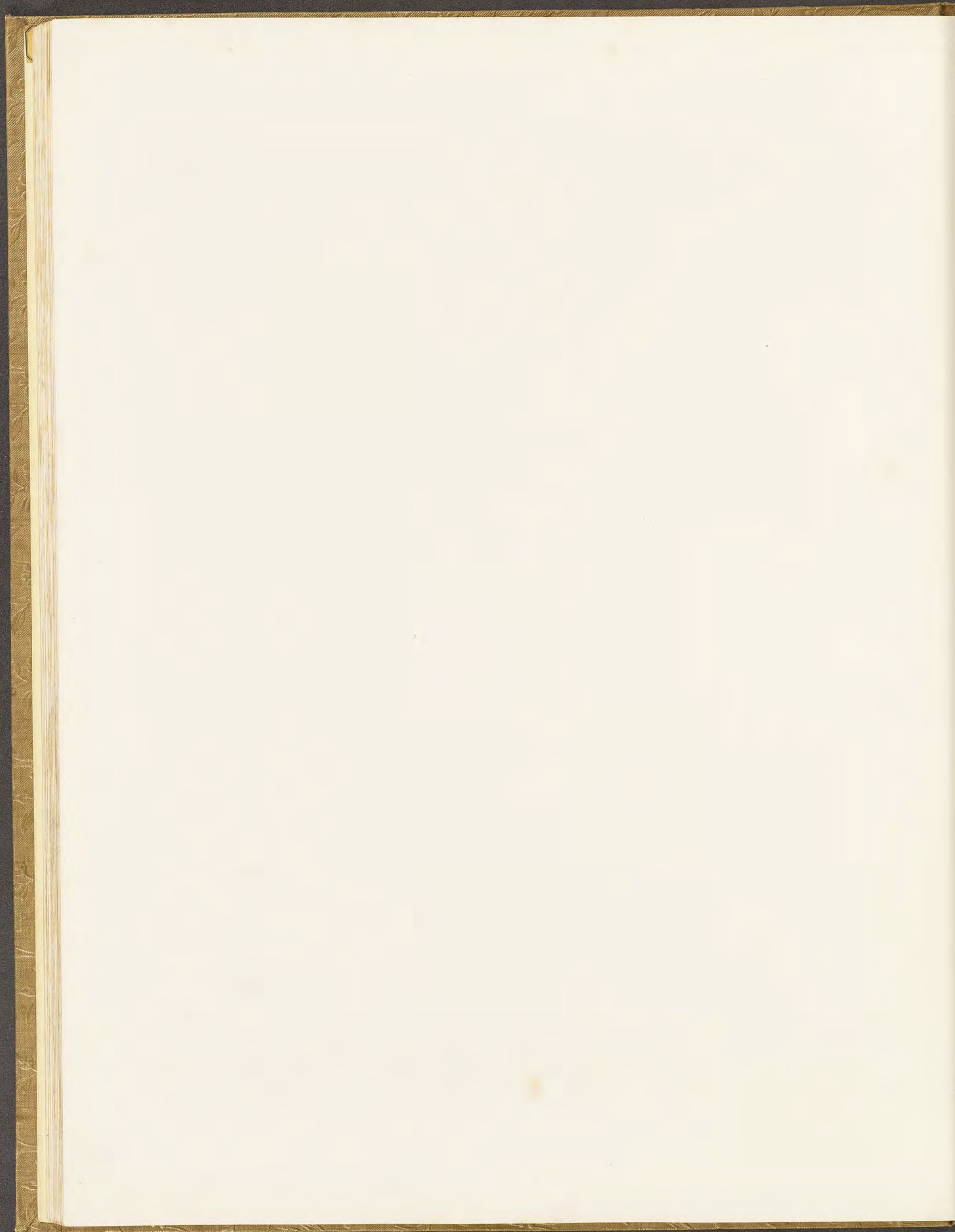
---

'Twas in a palace—one that lent its pride  
To Italy—fair land, as yet unspoiled  
By fierce Barbarian hordes—there sate reclined  
A Roman matron, famous for her charms;  
Most famous of those charms, her purity,  
Investing them with holiness: even yet  
Youth lingered on her cheek, though by her side  
A fair girl, ripening into woman, told  
Of fifteen years of life's most tender care.  
The calm Metella and her peerless child  
Rested beneath a lofty portico  
That looked upon Parthenope's blue sea.  
Upon the matron's brow a diadem  
Of rich Sardonyx\* shone,—that gem, 'tis said,  
Will keep its wearer noble, free from fear,  
And was by Scipio Africanus brought  
To his ungrateful country.

—— Say, why points  
The mother to a Roman galley, seen  
Cleaving the azure billows with its prow,  
As quickly it doth near the wished-for port?  
Why droop the dove-like eyes of that fair maid,  
As a warm blush flies to her snowy cheek?  
That galley holds her fate—her future lord,  
No stranger—though as yet but seen in dreams!

\* EPIPHANIUS asserts, that “the Sardonyx causeth him that weareth it, to be free from fear, and nobly audacious.”

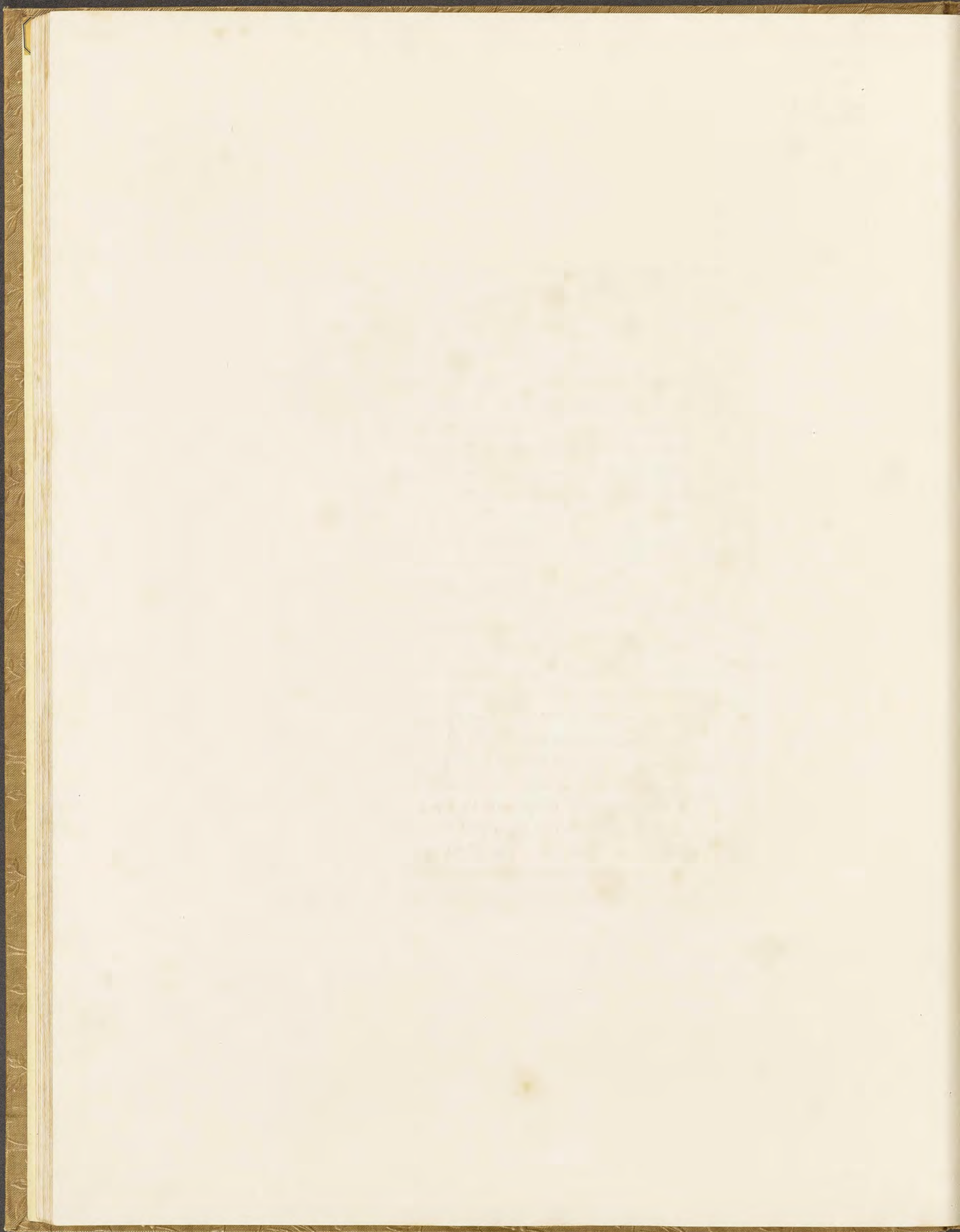
















*The Acquaintance*







## THE AQUAMARINE.

---

How sweet, on such a lovely night—fair time, to lovers dear,  
When down the path of soft moonlight the gondola draws near,—  
For maids, who, in the noontide's glare, had seemed all coy and cold,  
To listen from their balconies, while tales like these are told!

### SONG.

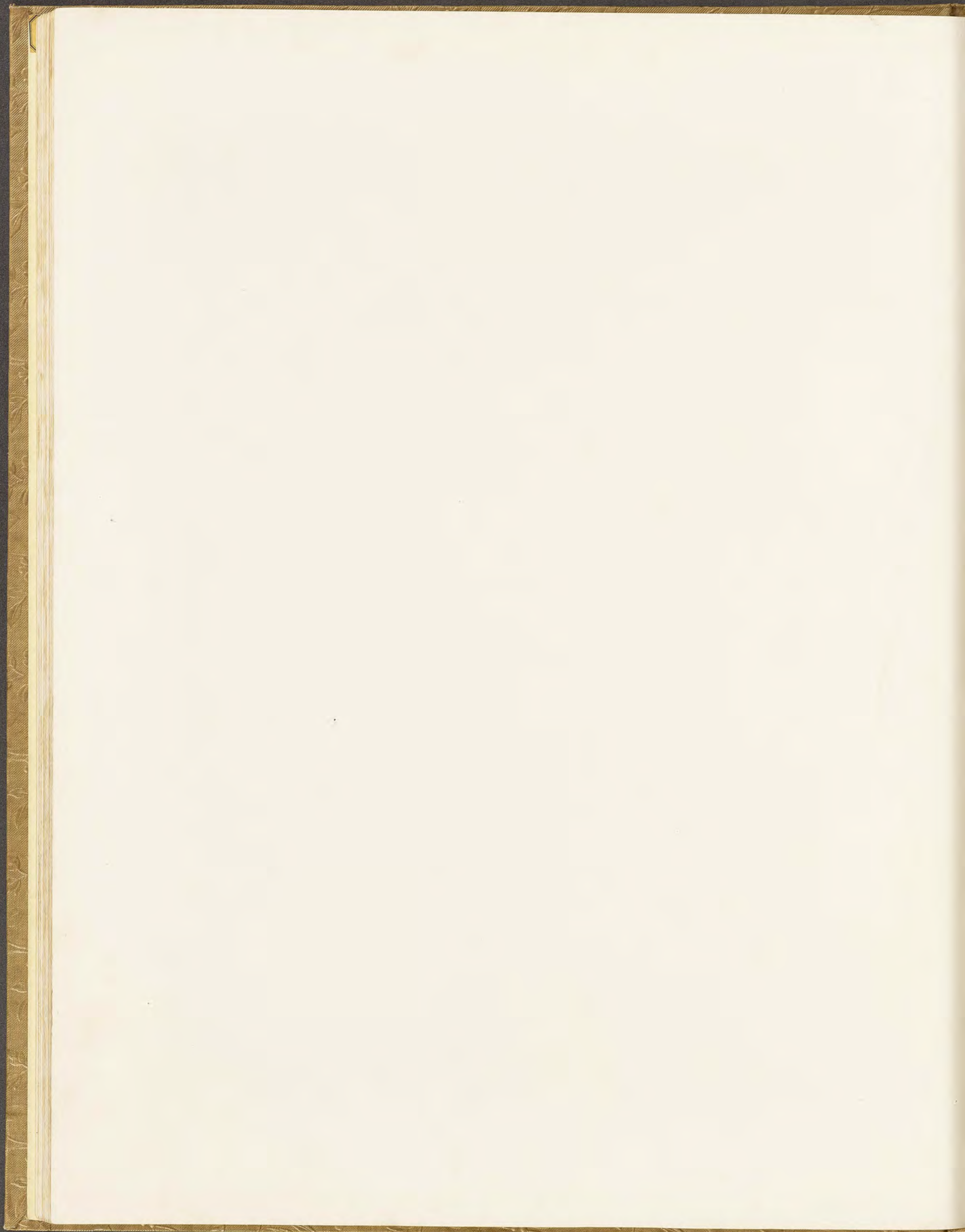
Ere close thine eyes in slumber,  
Fair love! I come to seek  
The garland whose young roses  
Are paler than thy cheek.

And in exchange I bring thee  
These gems\* thy waist to bind,  
In which the ancient sages  
Cure for sad hearts did find.

Good night—May angels guard thee!  
And bless thy slumbers light!  
Dream of thine own Enrico!  
Good night, sweet love!—Good night!

\* WURTZUNG states, that the Aquamarine is useful in all diseases of the heart.

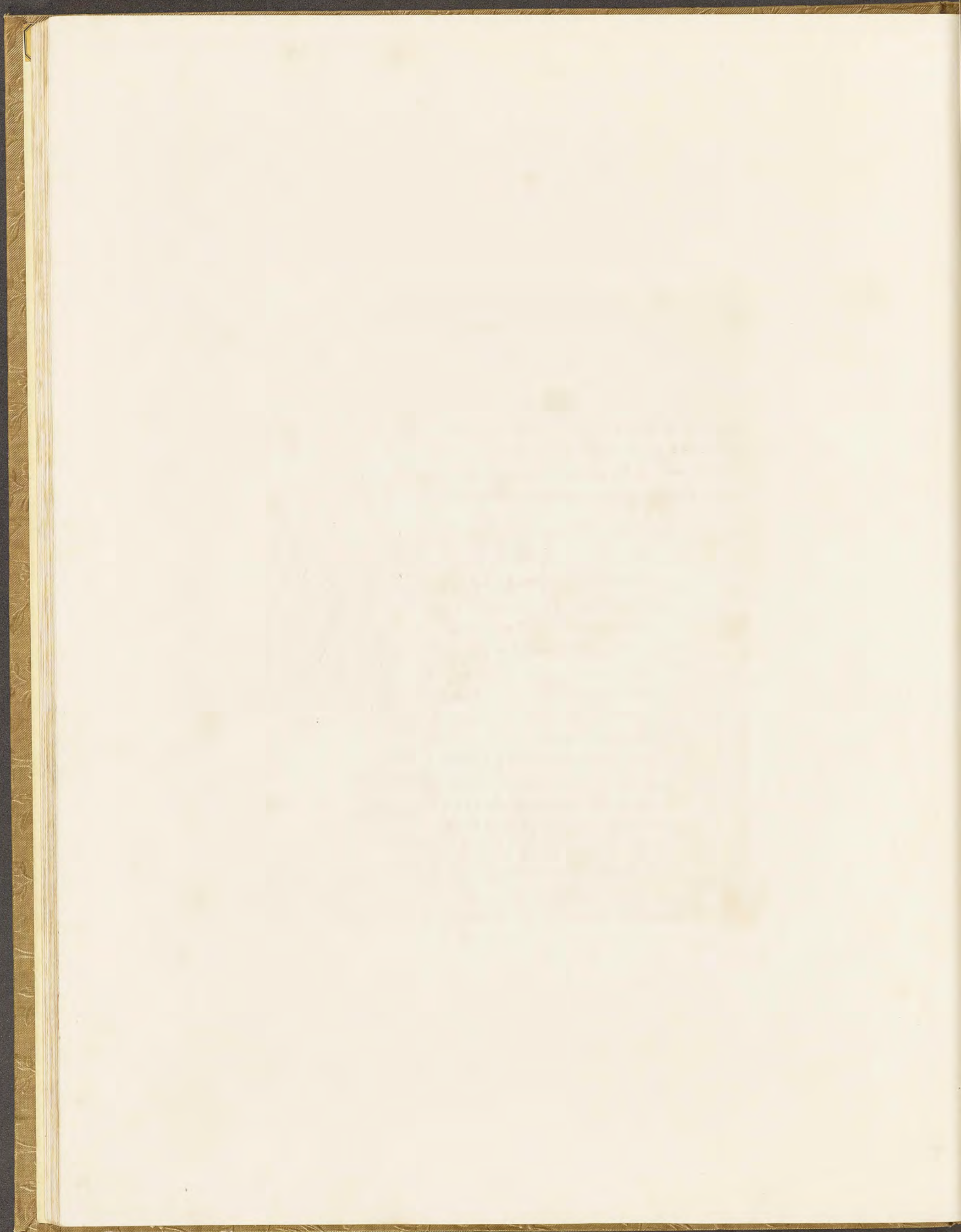
















*The Connoisseur*







## THE CAIRNGOHRM.

---

“ PLACE the plume in his bonnet, fair cousin ; but say,  
When thy lover has donned his bright battle array,  
Should that plume not be foremost in all the wild fray,  
Wilt thou still love its wearer as now ?”

“ Too well do I know mine own Jamie, to doubt  
A courage that quick as a fire will flash out,  
When with target and claymore, and Highland heart stout,  
He laurels will win for his brow.

“ For when was a Campbell’s heart e’er known to quail,  
Or his foot to turn back,—or his strong arm to fail ?  
Ah, wo to his foemen ! their widows shall wail  
That my brave one went forth to the field.

“ Like our own native jewel\* is Jamie’s true heart,  
And as pure as the streams from our mountains that start—  
Let him go : from the right he will never depart :—  
He may fall, but he never will yield.”

\* The Cairngohrm is indigenous to the Highlands, and is a stone of considerable brightness and firmness.



